

# PRES. FRUITCAKE HAM-ON ORDERS JC ARMIES TO BORDER



FLASH!

## EL TORO

FLASH!

VOL. XVI—THREE CENTS

CALIFORNIA'S MOST INCONSISTENT NEWSPAPER

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, APRIL 1, 1940

# DON TROOPS LAUNCH ATTACK!

## Dawson First To Enter Enemy Line; Suffers Huge Casualty

Back from the prattle-scarred tables of peace conferences and actual fighting with "our lads" in turquoise and dusty is Major Bromo Dawson, who has returned to recuperate from a severe attack of ingrown toenails suffered when he was rooted to the spot in the excitement of a recent attack.

## Henderpuss Cites Air Raid Warning

"Do not" today stated Air Raid Precaution Engineer John Henderpuss to the public in general, "under any circumstances whatsoever get hit by enemy bombs during the spring air raids. It is extremely fatal, and it makes the streets so messy."

The engineer further continued that "all those who are hit," he said, "directly by enemy bombs will be deemed guilty of high treason," he pointed out "and sentenced to be shot."

A loco boy who made a name for himself (censored) in the present rumpus, Major-Bromo was the first man in the first battalion of our warriors to put his right foot on foreign soil (the other was left behind), the first to lose his cigarette lighter in the fray, and the first to become entangled with the enemy barbed wire—for evidence see the Major's uniform in picture.

The Major-Bromo will take a prominent part in securing new recruits for the next shipment of men needed so urgently in order that "our men" might make up a decent table of Mississippi bridge or something, over there.



COMPLETE TO HIS SNUGGLY-WUGGLY petit chapeau, Major-BROMO DAWSON is shown above as he returned from a brief sojourn at the frrrrront. Gawsh!

## Casualties Total 11-2 As Blitzkrieg Led By Tuffy Russell Ambushed

By HOIMAN MOZLEE

NOWHERE NEAR THE FRONT, March 28.—(PU)—College troops continued to pour into vacant shell-holes here today as the second week of fierce fighting brought sling-shots from side-pockets under the direction of Commander "Ruthless Red" Ragan, the Roaring Rumanian.

Aerially supported by Major Casualty B. O. Russell's corps(e) of aviatrixes, ground troops reportedly advanced to within several miles of actual fighting and released shot after shot—until the bottle was empty.

Chief Engineer Jaw'n Henderson led his group of bridge-builders into No Man's land early yesterday morning, purportedly to construct passageways for advancing infantry. Henderson's hat was seen flying west three hours ago under sail, but officials remain optimistic. Henderson's coat is being worn by an enemy scarecrow, but officials remain optimistic. Henderson's tie became a vulture's neckpiece one hour ago, but officials remain optimistic. Henderson's shoe was launched

from the River Clyde 10 minutes ago, but officials... ya just can't discourage them guys!

First official communique from the Western Front reported "no casualties, 400 dead." Ministry of Misinformation Head Yawn H. McCoy said he considered the opposition "materially weakened" by a shipment of pineapples which Saboteurs Gommel, McKnight, Joesephy, and McGillicuddy smuggled secretly into Furor Udolf Heutler's cuisine.

Awards for outstanding bravery in the line of duty are scheduled to be received by The Griping Sixty-ninth who have just completed an extensive campaign in Maine for the third term.

# Scribe Boils Fired By Grapevine News Agency

## Local Blabbermouth Finally Silenced

By PSYCHIC PSAMMY  
VERIFIED PROPAGANDA

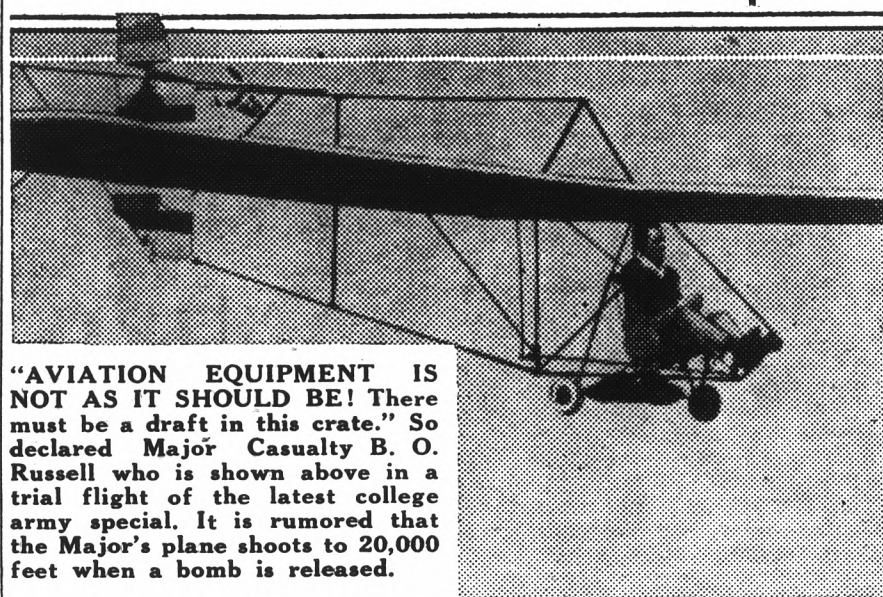
R. G. Boiles, veteran war correspondent and internationally acknowledged sourpus was today dishonorably discharged from his post at the front, according to usually unreliable sources who intimated that "this has the makings of a good scandal." Military censors Capt. Bob Heath and Lt. L. Dreser stated that Boiles had accepted bribes from enemy spies to print the truth for a change and fool everybody all the time, thereby crossing up Lincoln who said many years ago in an exclusive interview that "you can only fool all of the people part of the time."

Boiles had been employed by the Old Unstable Grapevine System news service which has been pulling the legs of the masses of illiterate readers, it was learned from Phil "Hey Hey" Hay, manager of the Delhi agency.

## HEATS UNDER COLLAR

Following a steam-heated discussion in which Boiles boiled over on his pet economic theories about methods of warfare via The Old Rugged textbook method, members of the GHQ aided by agents from the FBI, the OGPU, and a few assistant loafers from the WPA said they thought if a blowhard is given enough rope, he will harangue himself, so they stuffed him into the muzzle of a 18-inch naval battery.

## War Ace Demonstrates Crackpot



"AVIATION EQUIPMENT IS NOT AS IT SHOULD BE! There must be a draft in this crate." So declared Major Casualty B. O. Russell who is shown above in a trial flight of the latest college army special. It is rumored that the Major's plane shoots to 20,000 feet when a bomb is released.

## Social Calendar

YESTERDAY—  
Tavern Post-mortem contributions do.

Los Gauchos Easter egg hunt.  
Orpheo Troupe Christmas

Prance.  
Alice Anders "Ragtime

Dance."  
TOMORROW—  
Rain postpones swimming

meet.

Las Gitanas "Gypew Doodle."

NEXT DAY—  
Town Hall Tonight.

Outdoor assembly in Willard

auditorium.

Second chapter "Long Ran-

ger"

2 DAYS LATER  
Spanish, German, and French

club beach parley.

Phi Hadda Cent pole cat chase.

## Boolerton Back In Fish Fry

Members of the Fullerton official news agency, Rumor, disclosed today in spite of censors that the Hornet swimming squad had been rejected from military service because of webbed, flat, and three feet besides good alibis.

Because Naval officials smelled something fishy over there ascertained it was the aquatic squad which practically lives in the water, it was decided to use the boys to play submarine and shoot bubbles at each other and hurl herring at enemy sea gulls and other bombing devices.

At night the boys are trained to snop around where Angles fear to tread. Yes sir! Fullerton is still on the olafactory map.

## War Birds Getting the Bird! Langley To Provide Planes

CLOSE TO HOME, April 1.—(PU)—"Deplorable suh. Simply deplorable! So branded Major Casualty B. O. Russell early today in a review of local flight conditions.

## De-Bungling The War Propaganda

THIRD STREICH'S VERSION

BOULLION, April 1.—(Woo-Pee)—According to unconfirmed reports originated from Hevvin-halfus on the Steegfreed line, a Berman scouting patrol made up of four men late yesterday surprised, surrounded and massacred 2000 Flint soldiers; captured 14 pieces of field artillery, 15 tanks, and two matinee tickets to the Follies Bergere, without losing a man.

The Berman patrol, Gnatzi headquarters said, showed unusual heroism in laying in wait for the enemy while they were out celebrating someone's birthday. The Flintmen fled in disorder upon being confronted with the facts that they were out after 9 p.m. but were rounded up and returned to the Gnguhfessel concentration camp.

THE ALLEYIED VERSION

POLARIS, April.—(PooYew)—Unverified reports from Hevvin-halfem today told how a handful of Flint infantrymen repulsed a mass air and ground attack by two divisions of Berman troopers and their airdrome entourage which advanced behind a four-hour barrage of heavy artillery and concentrated bombing. The alleys didn't lose a man.

"Why, old chap," Lt. Command-

(Continued on page 4)

Gazing into the morning sky together with Ensigns Allemen, Bloke, Corry, Bloke, Bolton, Bloke, McCrory, Bloke, Potter, Bloke, and Bloke, Russell declared: "This soup is fierce," and threw his spoon down.

WHAT EQUIPMENT

"Our equipment is not what it should, be?" the major stated. "Just 50 more crack-pots and I shall send a note to the consulate." (Previous of the major's notes have gone to the bank.)

Concerning yesterday's reconnaissance flight in which Corporal Longsdorff figured actively, the official reported that "heavy anti-aircraft fire caused our aviatrix to become considerable vexed. Calmly she watched the tail flutter away. Coolly she saw the instrument board smashed. Indifferently she regarded the broken propeller dangling helplessly. But when that shell flopped into the open cabin... aw, I must be borin' ya!"

MORE VICTIMS

Training of additional pilots to leave immediately for the front began early this morning.

## SNOOPIE

What curator, from what famous museum of natural history spent half an hour touring what College hall only to ask at the conclusion of the lecture by his guide:

"And where did Noah keep the animals?"

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# Tips For Trips To Trenches

## Shot Their Pants Off!... Japs; Ain't So Say Ventilated Reds

TAKASOKI, Japan, Feb. 30—(PU)—(Delayed in spelling correction, uncensored)—Three squads of Nip-pense tourists in Northern Korea today routed the Russian First, Second, and Fourth Route armies. Leader of the Japanese was Hon. Ever Glorious, Ever Victorious E. C. Phillips.

"So sorry. Third Route runs from Dnepropetrovsk to Zloczow. Could not find. Therefore Third Route Army escape. Excuse please," tersely declaimed Japanese "Truth Is Where You Find It" bureau Jackson, Moomaw, Nise-wanger, Badwanger and Fipps.

### IN HIGH (HIC!) SPIRITS

Heavily supported by cannons, tanks, aircraft—and fortified by high-test vodka, the Reds were dispatched with efficiency, leaving thousands of dead upon the field when they moved to a cooler climate.

While none of the Japanese were injured in fighting, 23 became deceased from beri-beri, over-exposure and under development.

## DUG OUT DIRT

Dear, I saw the sweetest, cleverest little hat down town yesterday.

Put it on and let's see how you look in it.

Russ Morrill—I'm taking a snap course this year.

J. R. Stephens—Yeah, what? Russ Morrill—Photography.

Found on Mary Corey's registration card:

Name of parents: "Mama and Papa."

Shirley Galusha—I'll endorse your cigarette for no less than \$50,000.

Advertiser—I'll see you inhale first.

Enthusiastic Agent: "Now here is a house with out a flaw."

Claude Bassham: "What do you walk on?"

House Mother: "Young man, we turn the lights off at 10:30."

Freshman: "Oh, boy, that'll be keen."

Patti Whitson: "Jim dear, we've been going together now for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

Jim Elliott: "Yes, you're right—But who'll have us?"

"Absolutely," answered the new maid. "I most assuredly did water the fern in the living room. Can't you hear the water dripping on the rug?"

## Army Hits Bottle In Shot-up Dive!

Slitting a wicked infinitive, Commander in Brief Danny Frias and Minister of Nasti Impropaganda Basil "Springtime in" Mayes met last night at an abandoned dive somewhere near the back of the front lines to split a bottle of schnapps and discuss the battle of Schnoppis.

Concerning the battle, the chiefs said, "Glad we won. Mama!" Concerning the bottle, the chiefs said, "Hic." (Sic)

The bottle was halfway gone, the bottom half, when fifty-five furious French females fought fatuously to see their leaders. "Booo!" they cried in unison.

After this vote of confidence, the minister and the commander quietly passed out for ten more nights in the barroom from the picture of the same name.

**CLUB PINS** CLASS PINS-TROPHIES-MEDALS  
DESIGNED FREE  
J. A. MEYERS & CO.  
ESTABLISHED 1912  
1031 W. SEVENTH ST. L.A. TRINITY 7759

## Confessions of a Nasty Spy

Fear haunts me. I never know when I leave the house in the morning if I shall return at night alive. I never know when I meet someone upon the street but what they will slither up to me with death in their hands; my death.

I never know when the doorbell rings but what my doom may wait without. I never know but what the tiny crack which I open in the door may be just the amount that is needed for my excomrades to deliver the message. My last message from the Double-eye.

I have received my last warning. And I have ignored it. Though I knew what my fate would ultimately be, I heeded not the warnings from the all-seeing one, the Double-eye.

I was a Nasty spy, and I, along with several thousand others worship only one God. The Double-eye. We all lived in hopes of the day that we might be called upon to serve the great one in more honored positions than those we were won't to know.

My duties of a necessity carried me out of the Nasty camp. However, I had been under the expert tutelage of the Double-eye's henchmen for so long that I was faithful to our Cause. My every hour was devoted to my Work.

Then . . . I don't know when it began, but then . . . I began to awaken. Memories from my childhood began to creep in. Those things which were forgotten by my conscious mind started insidiously creeping up and up, into my brain. Whirling and whirling around, I at first paid them no attention.

I awakened. Then it was that I regained my heritage. All the knowledge of a hundred generations seemed to come flocking back upon me. All that my parents had taught me; all that their parents had taught them, came to me.

It was a horrible fight. That of my life's training and discipline, versus my whole inheritance. In the end, I felt whipped, but I was quiet for the first time in years.

I immediately got to work to counteract all the evil I had accomplished in my stay here. I began to work with the authorities of this, oh so great, democracy.

Then it was that my first warning came.

I did not discontinue my workings against the one who sees much.

Then came my second, and more sinister warning.

Heeding it not, I continued my services for the marvelous cause of democracy.

I have not had my third and last warning. I now am working a bit more cautiously, for, though I know that I must die at the hands of—but hist! There comes a knock at the door.

What could it be at this ghastly hour of midnight?

(To be continued next week's issue and find out all about it.)

What makes you think you'll be a success in college?

I always beat the reading time in Liberty.

Smartly Styled Flowers By  
**Macres** FLORIST  
SANTA ANA  
Broadway at Fifth  
Tel. 4666  
With Student Body Cards.  
10 Per Cent Off

## Los Goofus Select Dona Candidate

Nomination of Cuddles McGillicuddy as Los Goofus candidate for Dona was revealed today with receipt of a recent "too-close-up" photograph betraying the young damsel as "fair, chic, and buxom."

Miss McGillicuddy, a second semester enrollee, joins the jaysee student body from her hometown in Idaho Falls, Montana. The student is currently enrolled for women's tennis, women's badminton, women's swimming, and men's chorus. Her voice is described by critics as "double basso extremely profundo."

Prominent in campus social activities since the outbreak of war, Miss McGillicuddy is an ornery member of the royal family of the Idaho Falls Knights of the Billard Table, Delta chapter.

Active in college sports during Spring season, Miss McGillicuddy has been practicing the Rochester Duck Walk in preparation for an early marathon.

Termed by a Los Goofus advertisement as "short, gaunt, and stocky," Miss McGillicuddy is very dark, attractive in weak light, and has yet to recite the first verse of "My Captain, Oh Captain!"

## Hoist Snoods To Catch Planes

The Spoilist government today sent out an urgent dispatch requisitioning all women's snoods to be used for a gigantic net to be hoisted aloft under balloons to catch enemy planes attempting to bomb the city.

This sensational new idea was the result of Balloon Navigation and Possibilities for Further Use of Gas, Not Hydrogen but Helium, in the Air In Case of War Minister Neville "Givem" Helm's visit to London where it is rumored authorities are considering a similar plan.

### HAIR-RAISING STORY

Not that there is a shortage of netting, or anything like that, but the Minister figures that the noble sacrifice of our noble women in giving up their snoods for our noble cause will be of more use than if the noble fisherman nobly sacrificed their noble fishnets for the noble cause. (And besides, the Minister never did like that fad.)

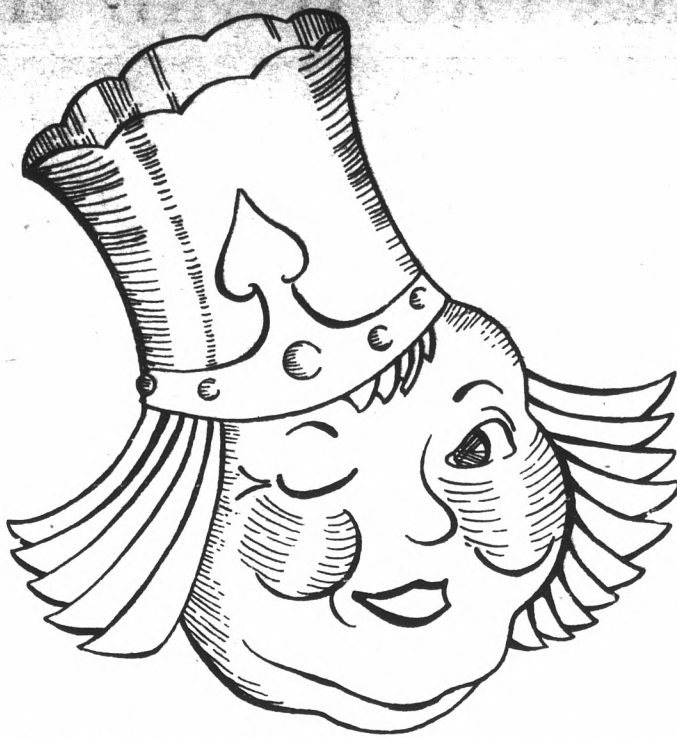
To avoid the delightful, but un-military appearance, of varicolored patches on the huge nets, contributors are asked to bleach their snoods before surrendering them.

### ANTICIPATE PIDGEON STEW

A uniform consistency in netting is also required, and those un-wise enough to have chosen snoods of more than 7-13 inch mesh will be required to weave in matching wool yarn or corresponding material to tighten the mesh.

"After all," quoth Minister Helm, "we can't have those carrier pigeons sneaking through those nets, can we?"

New spring hats, featuring snoods are posterior decoration will be spared in this crisis, Helm declared after long deliberation. The Minister still has a soft spot in his heart for the ladies and their feminine fancies.



CUDDLES MCGILLICUDDY, above, has been announced as Los Goofus candidate for Dona despite popular protest. Web-feet are said to have kept Miss McGillicuddy from war duty. (See story on page 2 if you dare.)

## Predict Lace Curtains To Sweep Up-to-the-minute Dug-outs

By MILLIE TERRY TACTICKS

(Ed. note. This is the last of dear Aunt Millie's columns of advice to the war-torn. Aren't you glad? You see, UNFORTUNATELY . . . see below for story)

Well, here I am again girlies, your old Auntie Millie, telling you how to keep a stiff upper lip during this nasty old war. And what's more important, how to keep a stiff upper lip on that little rose-covered dugout El Toro told you how to build last week.

Remember how I told you to build that devastating patio two feet out from the left wall? Did you do it? Shame on you if you didn't. Anyway, Wrooth Degunther wrote me that she thought the whole thing was sort of silly. Poor Wrooth, I wonder who could have put her name up for the next purge?

### CURTAINS MATCH

But let your poor old Aunt Millie revert to tripe with her little inferior decorating scheme for today. Have you tried those darling red-polka-dotted curtains at the door to your underground love nest? They are guaranteed to just match the situation if a bomb should explode while you are sitting on your patio. Unless of course you are a blue blood. Sanguinary, aren't I?

Now, my brave little women from the picture of the same name, may I suggest a pair of those clever white eyelashes which fit outside your gas mask. So glamorous for these blackout nights.

In fact, I think I'll experiment right now during this gas attack—(quiet, chickabiddies, or Aunt Millie kick your teeth in.) Here I go, out into the street to test my white eyelashes during this gas raid.

## SNOOPIE

What distinguished collegian in what Santa Ana junior college recently swam the Catalina channel, slept all night in the local ice-house, and breakfasted in the shower, only to catch cold laying on the lawn at an outdoor assembly?

## Get Somebody To Censor the Censor

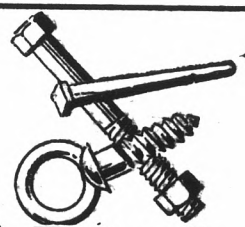
Long before the Hayes office there has been censors and more censors El Toro has been told. For instance, that time Paul Revere went out horseback riding to tell the public:

"The red coats are coming!"

What he really started to say was "The red coats are coming back to Ginsberg's basement \$4.98 with two pair of pants!"

That's what he really meant to say, only the man on the copy desk cut out the advertising and all he got out was the first part of sentence one.

Order Your  
Corsages  
From Us  
Our Flowers  
Are Always Fresh!  
The  
Bouquet Shop  
409 N. Broadway



## A Wirtch of Double Talk

We're here to state that when our Sports Shop spicket in the ful-micral, smartly dressed fellows will become nectarial because of the sproutican on the wil-mical.

Many new things in Sports Coats, Gaberdine Slacks, Loafer Jackets, etc., are the best crenulaters in dildatch in many years.

Dons of Jay Cee are now lectal in bremlfirst. Something should be done.

**Vandermast**  
Fourth at Sycamore

BROADWAY		WEST COAST	
Phone 300	SANTA ANA	Phone 858	
Ends Today, Monday, April 1		Now—Ends Fri., Apr. 5	
"Too Many Husbands"		Clark Gable	
Also		Joan Crawford	
"Marines Fli High"		in	
Tues. to Sat., Apr. 2 to 6		"Strange Cargo"	
Linda Darnell in		—Also—	
"Stardust"		"Little Orvie"	
—Also—			
"Millionaire Playboy"			
With Joe Penner			
		Starts Saturday, April 6	
Bring Your 1939-40 "Student Body" Card			



## ● Trench Mortar

By HORACE CREVASSE  
IN THE TRENCHES (By  
Christmas), Feb. 31.—(PU)—  
War is . . . well, EVERYONE  
knows what war is . . . and from  
my recent tour of the enemy's  
concentration camp, I wish to  
say that Sherman was right  
when he said "war is . . . well,  
everyone knows what war is."

Those pathetic faces, those  
scarred profiles, those empty  
bottles, ahhh, war is . . . well,  
oh don't be redundant.

Returning from a tour of  
concentration camps near this  
sector, I was greatly impressed  
by the roads (truck ran over  
me.)

But really folks, war . . .  
well, just like I said.

As I walked along the quiet  
waters of Conflagration-on-the-  
Styx, I could not help but re-  
call those famous words made  
famous when General Sherman  
backed into a fireplace one  
evening and landed on his an-  
drons. . . .

While Morale in this quiet  
sector . . . ah well, why discuss  
Petty things. . . .

I was out to Strewn Field to-  
day and watched brief moments  
of fighting. "On, on, you bulls,"  
the general shouted. (This is  
doubtless a stronger rendition  
of "Forward my bully boys.")  
As I sat there screaming en-  
couragement, I could vaguely  
recall the quotation of Sherman  
who stated "War is . . ." O' hell!  
I never could remember that  
other word.

## 'Trunkless Torsos' Baffle Officials

Ten unidentified corpses were  
still unidentified, even by their  
bridgework, today as war officials  
puzzled over what they laughingly  
termed "The Mystery of Ten  
Trunkless Torsos."

Working in conjunction with  
Phido Pants and Charlie Chan  
(who is NO brother of Confucius)  
El Toro unearthed the following  
grave facts from the local cem-  
etary.

Namely, that the weather short-  
age because of the recent bar-  
rage (see story Page 4) has re-  
sulted in a dead calm over the  
cemetery which is being investi-  
gated by a corps (Lord, help me  
from making a crack about  
"corpse") of Investigators, natu-  
rally.

In addition to trunks of the  
cadavers, there is also missing  
from ten bodies, ten heads, twenty  
feet, twenty hands, and lots of  
other stuff like that there. IN  
FACT, as the war officials sobered  
up, they weren't even sure that  
there were ten torsos.

## SNOOPIE

What philosophy instructor in  
what philosophy class would in-  
cite a great deal more interest  
if he would clip the poetic gems  
he reads to his class from Esquire  
and not from the Friday Review  
of Literature?



70 cents a  
week  
small  
down payment

For continual clatter  
To drown out your chatter  
"El Don's" staff commends  
In fact, recommends  
The broken-down hunk  
Of iron and junk  
We give for a price  
That's not even nice  
At TIERNAN'S

Where typewriters old  
Are bartered or sold—  
Oh how we drool  
Just to say—April Fool!  
From TIERNAN'S!

**R. A. TIERNAN**  
**TYPEWRITER CO.**

110 West Fourth—Santa Ana

# DECLARE PEACE FOR BASEBALL GAME



SOMEWHERE AT SEA this fighting craft awaits of ficial orders prior to steaming off for ports unknown. Heavily armored and manned by a crew of stout-hearted, short-winded, barrel-chested, bowlegged flat-foot-floogies, this mitey cruiser is seen as a definite threat, too! Left to right are the Dionne Quints and four stowaways.

## Cultivated Cooties Compete In Crew

Squadron X2A2 of the Flying  
Marines were today mustering a  
cultivated crew of cooties who will  
compete in a regatta with the  
descendants of survivors of the  
Lost Battalion, Commander Jesse  
Wolfe said today.

Site of the great event is to be a  
mudhole in the center of the land-  
ing field. The contest will be held  
just as soon as it rains and before  
it freezes, since hard water is  
fatal to the li'l bugs.

### PEANUTS SHELLED

Two worms were evacuated  
from the only peanut shell in  
camp which will be sawed in half  
to be used for crew shells.

The local crew will be clad in  
scarlet to complement their swar-  
thy complexions, Wolfe stated.

### SHARE CANO-BEANS

As an added treat after the  
races, the Squadron is opening a  
can of beans which they will share  
with the Tenderfoot Fullerton  
Squadron which just arrived at  
the front.

Members of the winning crew  
are to be mummified, mounted on  
stick pins and flown to Head Cross  
Nurse Marge Schmitz.

## New Bullet Avoids Alleys, Shreds Foe

The Daily Bullet announced to-  
day the perfection of a projectile  
which will halt in mid-air if it  
approaches an alley. But should  
its delicate mechanism catch the  
presence of the Enemy it will  
zoom directly for him, exploding  
upon contact, shredding him in  
any number of pieces. If it hits  
a canary, it makes shredded tweet.

Pulverized, and taken with sel-  
zer, the cartridge is an unexcelled  
antidote for the heavy feeling one  
gets after a jaunt to the city.

## Bomb Gets Rise From Senate

GORY, Mass., Labor Day, April  
26—(PU)—Military circles were  
up in the air here following the  
conclusion of experiments with a  
new explosive.

Members of the U. S. Chemical  
Survey released reports which  
shook the nation, immediately af-  
ter which they left town hurriedly,  
arriving in New York ahead of the  
train by a neck.

### STRIKING RECEPTION

So enthusiastic was the Wash-  
ington reception of the new ex-  
plosive that Congress was swept  
to its feet by emotion, and then  
retired through nearby windows.

Only experimenter located by  
reporters was excentric Rear-Ad-  
mirable Mike Odd who was sighted  
heading south over the Bermuda  
islands fetchingly clad in part of  
a tin roof.

His only comment: "Ssswwish."

### SMASHING RESULTS

As a result of the tests, Grate  
Kneck will henceforth be known  
as Diminutive Neck.

Co-inventor J. Stanley Wild'en-  
Woolyston pointed out that fol-  
lowing the big bust Washington's  
Monument was still as a tomb. He  
could not remember the formula  
for the explosive.

## For . . .

Something new  
And something nice  
Buy at Leed's  
At pleasing price!

## From . . .

Vivian Stanley  
Virginia Wilson  
Bill Kamrath  
Bob Guenther  
Russ Deardon  
Jess Graham  
Andre Pascal  
Dean Packer  
Jerry Dye

**LEED'S**  
**SHOE STORE**

211 East Fourth  
Santa Ana

## Hospital Bomb Begins Truce And Things

NOMAN'S TERRA FIRMA,  
Christmas day, March 3.—(PU)—  
Temporary truce for two hours  
has been declared for tomorrow  
night beginning at 7:30 p.m. and  
lasting until 9:30 so that our lads  
in orchid and green can meet those  
uncouth fellows in red and orange  
in baseball.

"The baseball game is designed  
to provide a delightful interlude  
in this sordid business of shoot-  
ing," said Horatio A. Scott, our  
commander, who is noted for his  
collection of rocks from shell  
holes.

### BEGIN BY BOMBS

The bombing of the enemy red  
cross hospital by our troops to-  
morrow at exactly 7:30 will mark  
the beginning of the two-hour  
truce.

Illumination will be provided by  
men from both sides who have  
volunteered to participate in anti-  
aircraft practice during the game.

To distinguish players from  
combatants and avoid the risk of  
having a corpse slide into second  
base due to the over-exuberance  
of a misinformed spectator who  
forgot about the truce in the ex-  
citement of seeing the enemy in  
flight, players will wear the hand  
knit stuff contributed by the  
women waiting at home, they hope.

### PURL TWO, DOPE . . .

Authorities agreed that it was  
a shame to waste the knitted gar-  
ments, so the night baseball games  
may be continued if they prove  
successful. The surplus supply of  
knitted goods will be unravelled  
and used as anchorage for the  
kites used since our communica-  
tion system with the rear lines  
was disrupted.

sparks fly on a dry day . . .  
bring your own beer.

Rollo Beck and am I tough!  
P. S. What is a mental black-  
out. . . Butch Flint says I have  
one? "Tuffy" Beck.

## Letters To Ed:

Torry Belle:  
I'll have you know I am pretty  
riled see and if I don't get jus-  
tice like my girl Mabel said I aim  
to do suthin' drastic on account  
of I am a football player and I  
don't like the idea of being in  
training all the time because if  
we have to fight and train what  
chance has a guy got to learn to  
dance and skunk Fullerton each  
year 1111000½ to ¼ anyway?  
My name is Rollo Beck see and  
I'm plenty tough see and besides  
that I am a Bachelor and the  
Brothers are plenty tough.

And besides what is the idea of  
everybody bellyachin' about us  
guys makin' a row at the front  
row at assembly all the time cause  
don't we pay taxes and why can't  
we do what we want cause we're  
football players and we are pretty  
bad cookies when it comes to rak-  
in' in the old empty bottles.

Now come out and see us show  
off when we are butting our heads  
together someday and watch the

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## Submarines Linger Off Harbor Light

An indeterminable number of Nazi Z-boats, superstructure awash and their decks crowded with sailors were reported off the Newport Harbor light early this morning by Harbormaster J. O. Tiswoggle.

The harbormaster sighted the military craft well within the 300 mile neutrality limit because it was a clear morning he said and immediately relayed the information to the Seagull sea scout patrol who said that things were looking up for them and they would investigate immediately.

### TRAINED PERISCOPES

Master Tiswoggle first sighted three of the craft, which he positively identified as being attached to the belligerents because of Snazimonia flags flying from every porthole, as they cautiously approached the weather side of the Balboa peninsula, periscopes trained on the sand.

They immediately emerged to have the hatches opened and dozens of sailors jam the decks. Several reportedly swam toward shore from several miles out.

### WHAT, NO "SWEET PEAS?"

Asked whether he thought it a repetition of the sinking of the Nazi "Sweet Pea" in Montevideo harbor, Tiswoggle was positive in his assertion:

"Positively not! Never! No! To be sure, there wasn't an Allied battleship in sight.

"The Snazimonia navy," Tiswoggle concluded, "has just got wind of Easter week at Balboa. You know, war or no war, there's nothing quite like it in Snaziland!"

## SNOOPIE

Ben Steffens received the Hep-plewaite medal for fortitude and endurance today while lying in bed at the Santa Ana Gully hospital. He made it diagonally across the intersection of 10th and Main only to be clipped by a vegetable wagon on the far side.

"He was fair game when I nailed him," claimed the driver on being hailed into court.

"I was not. I had one foot on the sidewalk," Steffens maintains.

## Groups Dream Up New JC Hoax!

By LONE STRANGER

From the war-torn front of the Union Junior College proposal came word today that Santa Ana might eventually get a new college plant here someday.

Enthusiasm reached a new high about 10 o'clock last night when several local civic groups including the Lions, Rotary, and Kiwanis clubs indicated that they were in favor of a new campus and would get behind the move.

**STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT**  
The announcement so startled the college administration that they immediately declared there would be a half-holiday here tomorrow for all 9 and 11 o'clock glasses.

Word was also received that the city council might get around to enlarging the Municipal bowl within 10 years or so.

### WHAT MAP?

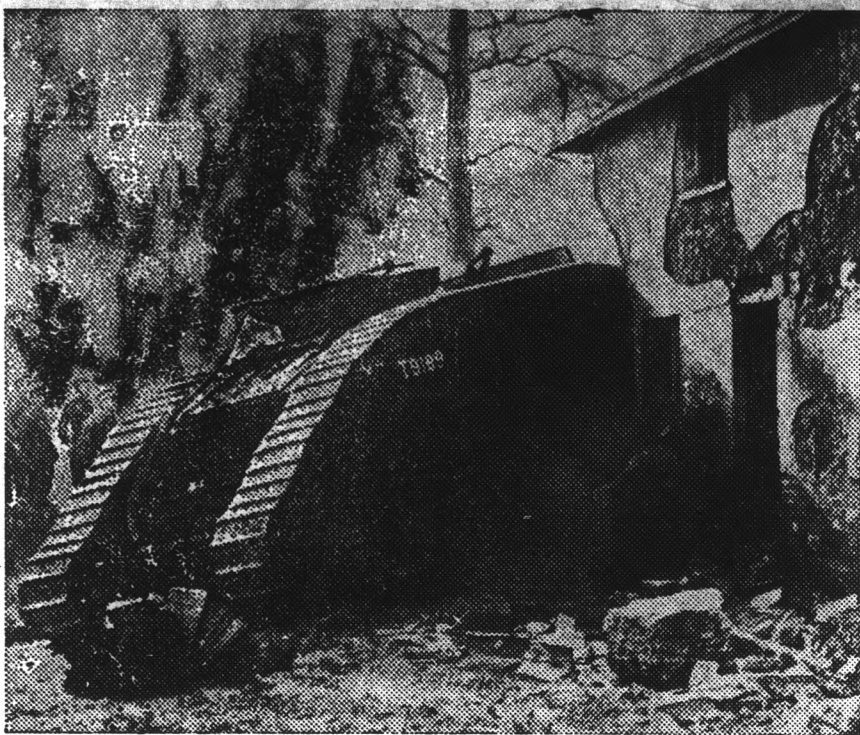
Indications that the chamber of commerce might also get behind the move to "keep" the college in Santa Ana had club officials in a dither. Such reports are unheard of here. In fact, they haven't been heard yet.

"We want to get back on the map," is the wary cry of the chamber now. "If we could get this town on the map we would even stoop to getting a new college. We'll stoop to get anything if we can only get on the map."

Any map, folks, any map; Just put us on the map—pleee—ase!

## SNOOPIE

Wouldn't it be cheaper to build a new junior college than to cause untold mothers, untold suffering, all because you made wanders out of their children forcing them to travel untold distances between "classes" campus that claims more area than the Louisiana purchase took from the French and Indians?



"NO TANKS!" was the girl's coy reply to the advances made by ENSIGN BIL KAMRATH as he maneuvered under her window with a serenade. He later entered without knocking. (The cad)



PREPARED FOR UNDERSEA attack on enemy merchant vessels, these trim, sleek "super-subs" are shown photographing a sunken mine. The boats are (left) S.S.S. "S" and (right) S.S.S. "..."

## Military Trend In Clothes Seen Behind the Best Bayonets

By MARGOT DOWN

Even in these sad, sad times we are not free from the early spring fashion reports, girls. Our little

## VOX POPPY

Dee Ready Tor:

Thesis anan nest tug osh letter rif few kin ree dit. Itsa bout thee sin send-i-ary boms zat blö wup pin yerf ace sand spout fie rall low ver. Mess see, yisn dit?

Tug et awn wid da storey—wun nuv vum mit ou rouse, sand eye haven't bin nabull 2 fine dmi yf sins. Soap pleas tank tha yen-nem-me form me; get ting grid duv mi yf fizz gud noose sin nanybuddy's lang-gwage.

Bee's sides, she yin-ter-feared with mice pying.

Ur strew lee, Ivon Tawar

## De-Bungling The War Propaganda

(Continued from page 1)

ing Officer Whifflebotham, in charge of the defenders said, "the cowardly attack didn't even scorch the colonel's dungarees hanging on the Imagino line."

### WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

NEUTRALGIA, April 1.—(CC C)—A two-man Berman patrol met a like number of Brittle infantrymen near Hevvinhelfbothem at noon today. Following a heated foursome of African pinocle in which Snazi troopers lost their shirts to the Brittles and vice-versa, they all returned to their lines and were shot for desertion and appearing in enemy uniform.

fashion highlight for the week, you'll never guess, Mabel, is that the new gray chapeaux modeled of tin, that oh, sooo smart fabric, will be seen on the best dressed crowd in the better trenches this spring.

These clever and charming little numbers will be worn at a distinct slant over the left eye, experts say. This will be a pleasing change from the halo effect achieved in the style-conscious circles last season.

Drapery in its most subtle form is prophesied to be seen in those divine khaki ensembles you see everywhere. Featured colors will be a lovely and becoming shade of olive drab trimmed in orchid; also flattering is the slightly off shade sky blue pink recently shown in a troop review.

We saw some adorable tailored suits goose stepping in the Easter parade. Brass buttons and a unique arrangement of gold braid were in evidence.

For that slightly self conscious man who does not wish to be too conspicuous, the latest all-white suit, seen so much last winter, which blends divinely with the snow, is simply a "must." The hoods protect the little ears from getting frost bitten, and that ain't all.

Delicate little shoes which lace all the way up to the knee are adorable, and quite practical for kicking aside the dead horses one finds in the streets this time of year. An alluring color combination we saw was a bright red boot with orange laces.

And the casual lines which are so dear to every soldier's heart are found in the delicate and fragile mesh stockings which should accompany the newest shoes, and which so enhances the natural curves.

## Poisoned Students Absorbing Spring Colors Beautifully

The County Health burro reported today that the 650 Junior college students poisoned at "The Don" local chew joint are recovering nicely though still confined to hospitals.

The exact type of poison used has not yet been determined, but staff heads at some of the hospitals say that these cases have proved exceedingly interesting.

### RAINBOW COLORS PREVAIL

Instead of the conventional gray these students have turned all colors of the rainbow and are proving themselves to be the center of attraction wherever they hibernate.

Miss Vivian Stanley, local jay-see beauty, has enhanced that beauty by turning a "deep purple" while a college romeo Ralph Dawson is a beautiful scarlet though not yet "Gone With the Wind."

### BANANA SHADE SPECIAL

"Butch" Horton, Sam Henderson, Rollo Beck, and Allan Goff are now a beautiful banana shade, one of the newest spring colors, and are envied by many nurses who wish the color were becoming to them.

Carolyn Hudspeth is very sad for she has turned blue and the color clashes with the beautiful green of a certain handsome hero around school.

### BOB IS BLUE

Bob Blake a worker in the restaurant where the poisoning took place could not account for the destruction and he, himself has turned an Alice-blue.

The latest report going around is that Russ Morrill is going to line up all the victims and shoot a picture entitled "Rainbow Dawns."

## Horny Owl Trio Squashes Foe

(WITH THE RUMANIAN ARMY SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND)—April 1—(Hydraulic Press)—Official military communique stated today that the snow-shoe patrol of the Greater Rumanian Army had succeeded in cutting the important supply-line between the sea coast and the Icelandic military base of Pkezhin (pronounced, "heh").

In the patrol were three U.S. citizens, all members of the volunteer Horned Owl Brigade: Edward Budd, T. H. Glenn, ex-marine, and Robert English. These U.S. volunteers were personally responsible, the communique continued, for the capture of three enemy supply sleds and 18 Malemute sleigh dogs. The patrol suffered only one casualty: frost-bitten was the big-toe on the right foot of Budd.

### KILLED TO DEATH

Except for this attack on the Icelandic supply line, both armies were inactive almost all day today. Minor skirmishes occurred in the Poietesme National Forest last night. Corporal Johann Van O'Toole, who delivered the stirring address on the glory of dying for one's country, reported in an earlier one of these dispatches, was killed in the fighting with a bullet through his stomach. He died of indigestion and lead poisoning.

Appearance of a French poilu, who took the wrong sub-way out of Paris, at Rumanian Army headquarters created furor early this morning. Army authorities discounted his story of rocks in snowballs coming from the Siegfried line as pure propaganda.

## El Toro Edition of



PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY

COMPLETE CAMPUS COVERAGE

The official publication of the Associated Students of Santa Ana Junior college, Santa Ana, California. Published weekly during the school year, while college is in session, except the weeks of quarterly and semester examinations, and issued on the Junior College consolidation ticket, the price of which includes \$1.00 for subscription to the paper.

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Published in the school print shop and edited by the journalism classes at the college.

## Swineburn Writes Poetic Heartburn

Accepted today by "Then Cometh the Corn," anthology of outstanding Southland college poetry, was James Swineburne Crowther's verse, "Tis Dusk."

Delighted with the honor, Crowther declared: "De inspiration, it comes to me while I'm shaving myself. One evening I squinted out of the window. It was beautiful outside. Purple was sky in the west with faint streaks of saffron throughout. Ah, Nature, I say; then I pens myself the prizewinner."

Crowther's contribution to the anthology follows:

### 'TIS DUSK

When over yonder trees, the sun Drops,  
'Tis dusk, 'Tis dusk.  
When yellow streaks through purple clouds Shine,  
'Tis dusk, 'Tis dusk.  
When in the darkening west, the moon Peeps,  
'Tis dusk, 'Tis dusk.  
When on the fields the shadows Stretch,  
Hell, haven't you caught on yet?

## Loco News

Ed Bud, technocrat reform leader began his "Clean UP the Government" program in a secret session last night when he cleaned the House, using Minneapolis spin and "No Shirt" Hermann Stroemers own personal dice.

Finance Minister Myrtle (My Heart Belongs To S. A. Shearer) Martin revealed that the recently floated war loan seemed to be leaking.....Her reasons will not hold water, however.

Local troops, after having studied French for two months, were erroneously sent to Persia last fortnight. Puzzled, Gen. Short Pants Heath reports that sole communication from troops was a code message "WOW."

BERLIN, March 26.—(PU)—Rumor, the official German news agency, declared early this morning that Premier Chancellor Udolf Heutler is suffering from a brief attack of mis-located jaw encountered when Summer (oh, oh, my old Indian) Welles "took exception" to a comment by the Furor.

## Powell Caught With Garters

Decorated today with the Distink Sourface Cross of the Proletarian Order of the Pink and Chartruse Garter, one of those o so frilly things, was Vice Read Second Major General Max "Corn Fed" Powell.

Chosen for outstanding cowardice in the face of K. P. duty, Powell is the first of the African Experimental Farce to be so branded.

### SHELLS PEAS, ENEMY

"Corn" was detailed on the day of November the umpteenth to kitchen duty. While shelling the peas the joint was shelled by the enemy and Powell was the sole survivor left to face the charging troops who followed the barrage.

Disengaging himself from the remnants of the front door of the kitchen which had stopped his flight, he arose, his teeth shattering like a machine gun and the peas which he had previously popped into his mouth playing a steady stream on the advancing troops.

## SNOOPIE

What Santa Ana traffic officer made out \$1.20 worth of parking tickets, posted \$50 worth of no parking signs, sent two plainclothesmen at \$10 a day for two days shadowing the culprit, all to catch the jayseeite who parked his \$7 Ford along side College hall.....and fine him \$1?